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OPINIONS



America

by Will Collette

Reflections on a Tricky Dick '73

Nearly a year ago to the day, President Nixon was on television telling the nation that he had ordered the mining of North Vietnamese territorial waters for a number of very good reasons: peace with honor, honoring our commitments to an ally, getting the prisoners of war back, etc. A lot of people got extremely upset, myself included. Meanwhile the Committee to Reelect President (CREEP) was using untraceable slush funds from the campaign to stuff letters of support for the President's actions to newspapers and television stations and to buy a full page ad of support in the *New York Times*. I remember the actions of that springtime because I had written an article saying very nasty things about the President and had gotten into a little trouble for being too nasty. So it goes.

President Nixon talked to the Nation Monday April 30th, saying, "I want to speak from the heart" about Watergate. This I wanted to hear. I took note of the props one needs for speaking from the heart: the family portrait, the warm looking office and the desk that looks like it's been used. Yet, it was the same suit he wore that he always wore, the suit he wore when he lied to us in the past. How could he decry the past while wearing that same suit I wondered momentarily, but then passed over the thought as a triviality.

"This office is a sacred trust," he said. It was perfectly clear that we were in for a lecture. Then Mr. Nixon proceeded to give a synopsis of all the things we had already read in the newspapers a week ago. How certain sordid things were done by certain unscrupulous and misguided people — not that he meant to accuse or criticize anyone — they were all dear and old friends and he had full confidence in their abilities but if they were indicted, they were off his Christmas card list and if they were convicted he would disavow any knowledge of their existence.

The Watergate conspirators had pulled the wool over his eyes as they had pulled the wool over the eyes of America. Rather than point fingers, we should sympathize with our hood-winked President. The analogy is that the American people can no more blame Nixon for hiring idiots and thieves than the American people can be blamed for voting for and electing an idiot and a thief. Chicago's Mike Royko pointed out in his column that Nixon's assurance that "most people involved in the political process are honest," is more unsettling than reassuring, since Nixon has defied the averages in hiring so many dishonest people.

The questions left after the speech were headed by one overriding issue: How much responsibility did Nixon actually assume. He said that the reason Watergate happened was that he was too busy with the "overriding goal of bringing peace to America." The "Presidency came first — the campaign second." So he let Stans-Ehrlichman-Haldeman make the decisions while doing the important things a President does. He "delegated responsibility." This, as any student of management would quickly see, is a fallacy. It is IMPOSSIBLE to delegate responsibility: a manager can delegate AUTHORITY but never responsibility. As Harry Truman said and Nixon paraphrased: "The buck stops here." In the Watergate case, the buck stops at the President's desk momentarily.

How could it be otherwise, we were told. After all, the President has dozens of other more important things to do, like talking to Chancellor Willy Brandt, ending wars, fighting inflation and establishing "peace with honor," in a free American system.

By this point, the general tone and tactics of the speech were becoming quite evident. Through the careful use of contrasts, Mr. Nixon cleverly gave the illusion of rational discourse while dispensing emotional nonsense, assuming that the average citizen would pick up on the latter at the expense of the former. For instance, there were snide, undeveloped innuendos that "Democrats have been guilty of offenses, also..." interspersed with platitudes on the greatness of America, the rightness of the political system, the need for a stronger defense posture, the necessity of unity among the American people and the importance of the Presidency. Amid the references to hamburger, Vietnamese, Russians, Chinese and God were such slogans as "TWO WRONGS DON'T MAKE A RIGHT" and "THERE CAN BE NO WHITWASH AT THE WHITE HOUSE."

As a final and sundry point on the speech, one cannot omit Nixon's analysis on how the Watergate affair shows the bankruptcy of the American system. I disagree...It was the system that brought the facts to light, a courageous grand jury, Judge Sirica...and a vigorous free press. How times have changed when you're caught with a hand in the cookie jar!

Steve LaRoque: With Our Good Neighbors to the North

I. - Surviving in Anti-American Territory

by Stephen LaRoque

Making your first visit to Canada at the age of twenty-one can get you into some of the stickiest cultural situations to be found in North America. I have just been through this somewhat belated experience, and I am convinced of what I say.

Now, before you dismiss my claim as so much balderdash, let me describe the circumstances to you.

First, I went to Canada in virtual ignorance of the country — not such an uncommon feat, I later discovered, for Americans, but one that demands some caution in dealing with the natives.

Second, I went to stay. Not two months, not three, not even for an extended summer junket, but for seven months — including the nasty old Canadian winter.

Finally, I went to Sudbury, Ontario. You have to be a seasoned Canadian traveller (not tourist) to appreciate what that statement means.

Sudbury is the most serious contender I have ever seen for the title of Most Unendurable City in the World. It is routinely despised by most people who are not lifelong denizens, and it has had more scorn heaped upon it than any city I know of except Buffalo, New York.

My particular excuse for being in Sudbury was an intellectual one: I was studying at the School of Translators and Interpreters at Laurentian University in Sudbury. It's one of the few translation schools on the continent, and the only one that I could really afford.

Sudbury, which is located in cold, bleak Northern Ontario, is a mining town. Nickel is the mineral that keeps Sudbury going; the world's biggest nickel mines (and the world's biggest smokestack) are Sudbury's own, and they are worked by two companies, Falconbridge and International Nickel. The bigger

and more infamous of the two is International Nickel, familiarly called INCO.

INCO fits the image of the Big Company that Canadians are accustomed to: it is very big; it helps itself greedily

to Canada's raw materials; and it is American-owned.

It is the last fact that comes first to the minds of Sudbury people. Once the Sudbury mine worker picks up his paycheck,

(Con't. on Pg. 8)



Letters

Appreciates Play Group

To the Editor:

I am writing this letter to express my appreciation to the Rhode Island College Cooperative Playgroup, and to appeal to the administration to support the group by giving it a suitable place to operate next year. From personal experience I know how much the group is able to help students who are also mothers of preschool children. In

January, with only one semester left before graduation, I was almost forced to drop out of school because I could no longer afford to pay \$80.00 a month for a competent babysitter for my three year old daughter. Luckily, I heard about the co-op, and that alone is making it possible for me to continue school this semester. And at

(Con't. on Pg. 8)

Letter to Pres.

Willard

The following letter was sent to Pres. Willard, April 30.

Dear Dr. Willard,

It has been brought to my attention recently through conversations with students, faculty, and staff, as well as articles in the *Anchor*, that

(Con't. on Pg. 9)

Letter

To the Editor:

I enjoyed the content and arrangement of page 5 of the "Magic Theatre" portion of the *Anchor* of Thursday, April 26, 1973.

May you continue the practice.

Very truly yours,
Thomas J. Howell, Ph.D.
Professor of Philosophy

Supports Whipple

To the Editor:

I have been following the progress of the disposition of Whipple Gym with a good deal of interest, for two reasons. First, I have been involved with theater here at Rhode Island College ever since I first arrived in the fall of 1970. While theater is not my field of study, and I certainly have not been involved as much as my friends in that department, this is my first semester out of six in which I have not been involved in a production. I know something about the inadequate state of affairs at Roberts. I have fought my way to the sink in the dressing room, and shouted on stage to overcome that dead spot in the

(Con't. on Pg. 10)



"OKAY, SO MUCH FOR PHASE ONE — BRING ON PHASE TWO!"



PORTRAITS

by Jeffrey L. Heiser

Lines for Christopher Marlowe:

On the Beach and into the Sun

by Jeffrey L. Heiser

Kit and I were down on the beach the day they held the 23rd annual swim across the river. A marathon for only one hour — the winner usually does it in less than that. In fact, I remember when I was 14 or so, the mile took me 52 minutes, and at that, half of it spent drifting with the current on my back. But these local kids were all under 18, according to some set of official rules, and all anxious to make their attempt a successful one.

But, God it was sunny and warm as we grinned our silly faces off across the sands for the sights of the show. Bellies on beauties, and plenty of thighs too, and we never minded scanning through all the sandcastles, beach blankets and grandmothers in search of the perfect-companion. However, we came especially for the race itself; I myself having previously taken part in the annual event several years ago (my failure previously indicated in the preceding paragraph), and escorted by my delightful little sister in the stunning two-piece, we drunkenly soaked up the exuberant atmosphere. Kit was drinking brandy from his deceased grandfather's leather flask which he concealed in the inside of his antiquated blood-red velvet jacket. His trousers were white, and his small white bony feet contrasted mildly with the hot sand. My sister further complicated matters by continually insisting that we "act normal" whenever we walked by a blanket peopled obscenely with conservatively elder citizens who constantly smiled at their filthy grandchildren who slopped in the wet sand to keep everyone happy, including the lifeguard, who true to life, insisted rather credibly that someone from Coppertone had offered some pallid sum of money that he should demonstrate his salesman techniques and solar plexis in front of some vast quantity of TV viewers. We did find him curiously amusing, and after deciding with him upon a rather feasible victor in the race, I thanked him for letting me look through his excellent set of binoculars across the other side of the smooth-flowing river to where the race was about to begin.

Alas! The river was not the Hellespont with its visions of Leander's golden frame, straight as Circe's wand and directed towards the frail, white arms that awaited him at Sestos; I had imagined it on the silver screen on many a spring college afternoon — it was merely the New Englandized bastardization of Fall River excess that had become known regionally and on the map as the Sakonnet River. Nor was the prize the same: instead of an evening with Hero the fair, the winner was awarded the paltry sum of \$25 for his watery escapades along with some miserable trophy for his mother to display above the mantle in the living room. However, that is not to exclude the hypothesis that regardless of the outcome, the lunatic adolescents who's parents allowed them to participate in this summer extravaganza cared not where they finished in the final standings as long as they held the privilege to tell their friends and their younger brothers and sisters and countless aunts and uncles that they actually did swim across the damn thing, they were obviously content to do just that even if it meant finishing one hour behind the winner.

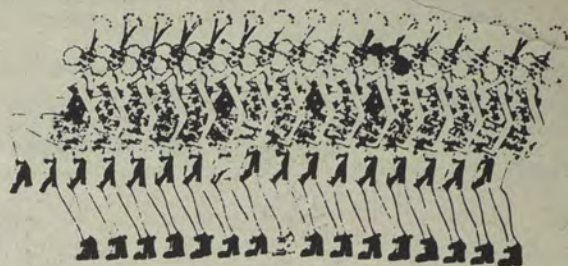
The race did begin on time, the contestants beginning on the opposite shore and swimming towards us, each swimmer accompanied by two people in a rowboat in the event of trouble, one of whom was inevitably the swimmer's father. We watched the first five minutes of the race — from their opening progress we could tell that the current would not present the swimmers with much of a problem — then my sister drifted off someplace with some of her own friends from the high school, leaving Kit and myself to reminisce as we sat against a dune in the sun while still casting an occasional glance at the race. Kit instinctively reached for his pipe that had long since become his trademark: his affection for drinking had fortunately not progressed as far as his obsession for tobacco.

His parents were more than well to do; after his father had made a comfortable fortune in writing short pieces of fiction for a new but growing monthly, he invested a good-sized share of his new-found wealth back into the periodical and watched it grow more and more. I never forgot the time when Kit asked his father for a car for his sixteenth birthday: his dad refused, and Kit responded by pouring a five-pound bag of sugar down the gas tank of his father's Porche. I insisted that Kit leave town immediately by any available mode of transportation, yet was utterly shocked when I saw his father's reaction to Kit's mischievous stunt: the old man laughed so hard that I thought he would never stop (yet Kit still did not get the car, nor did he get off without having to go to work for his father to earn enough money to have the car fixed.) The bonds between the members of the family were close; this was half the reason why Kit's father was so upset when he caught wind of what was going on between Kit and the minister's daughter. In spite of receiving a rather harsh verbal reprimand, Kit still did manage to laugh the whole affair off — you see, if his parents, or anyone for that matter, ever found out what went on between Kit and the minister's son, then they really would have had cause for being more than slightly upset.

And that day it was the minister's son who had won the race. He was admirably well-developed for his seventeen years (Kit was now 22), and after the award was presented and the photographers were given their fair shot of his victor's smile, Kit introduced him to me as a well-kept secret for over three years. We continued a cheerful yet sterile conversation for a few moments before my sister bounced over, and after effervescently apologizing to the young man about some fabricated pressing engagement that we just had to keep, she whisked us away to some morbid fish and chips place by the piers in Newport.

All was not lost however, for while my sister munched merrily away, we located ourselves at a well-used but playable pool table while having the bartender set us up with a round of drafts, which Kit naturally insisted upon paying for himself.

(Con't. on Pg. 10)



Village Green Preservation Society

by Ken Michael Forestal

Genocide I

We have been at it for two days. Burgundy in the morning, tequila in the afternoon, vodka and prune juice to round the day.

My awakening began at 1 p.m. on the third day. We were on our way to Fat Rat, a local bar on Ipswich Street. It was dark and looked as though it would rain. The weather matched my mood. As we swung onto Ipswich Street, I was reminded that it was my turn; the car (a '32 MG Roadster) had no brakes and the only way to stop it was for the driver to down shift crazily and drive alongside the curb as one of us tried to grab a telephone pole.

I began to feel my heart beat as I lowered the window and readied myself. The driver (Iggy) was a master at his skill. I felt that I owed it to him to be proficient at mine. He yelled "Grab!". I thrust out my arm, a feeling of gratification and triumph rushing through me, as I successfully held onto a pole bringing a stop to our motion. When it was all over, another feeling rushed through me — a feeling of pain. I had cut the shit out of my arm.

Once inside, I had 11 ginger brandies to dull the constant pain in my arm. Once the pain subsided, I remembered Mona. She was sitting across from me. Her eyes, her nose, her hair were all perfectly placed. Her smile made me forget about my mangled arm. I loved her and I knew it.

She was incapable of loving me. I knew this and had long ago accepted it. I was content to just be in her presence. Mona had been hurt. She had just blown herself out on a bad love affair. She had been dumped by the Midget Tag Team with whom she had so finitely fallen in love. They had used her, taking of her sexual pleasures freely and then giving her the thumb. Oh, poor Mona. If only I could relieve some of that hurt. If I could get you to believe in me. It is love with me, Mona, if only you would realize this.

But for now I must be content to just follow her around out of desire and madness. Besides she always gets good tickets to all the wrestling matches.

Henry came over and told the group, "I've got the clap." I cried, Mona stroked his hair. He said he loved us all. With that, we had 11 more ginger brandies.

Gordon broke the spell. He stated that he thought John Stuart Mills was the purest free thinker, that his thoughts were 100% truth. Mona agreed. After much thought, I felt I should add to the discussion. "To me, Willie Stargell's comment a month ago was about the purest thought that I've hear in a long time." "What statement was that?", Gordon asked. I stared in amazement. "The one where he said: 'Opinions are like behinds. Everybody's got one.'" Gordon laughed, Henry said he wished I had the clap and Mona said we had better leave while the bartender was in the john.

As we piled into the car, someone suggested that we stop at The Zoo, they had good food. We all agreed. Henry said he was glad he had met us, I said I was glad that it wasn't my turn to stop the car. Iggy started the car, Mona cried.

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Magic Theatre

Janet Rothbart

The Winter Air

Christmas card greetings
crumpled with a calendar,
tiny age-old ornaments
and bold baubles
once wrapped in years of faded tissue...
December is ash in the
waste —
paper —
garbage —
collection —
process.

Now, somewhere finer particles float in the air, breathe deep
December.

Nancy Panners

This poem, (perhaps a little out of season), is nonetheless a good and valid piece. One can almost smell the nostalgia of some post-Christmas rubbish, the sadness of seeing a Christmas tree out with the trash one morning... The only thing I might question in this poem would be the use of the word "process" in the eleventh line; I think that perhaps it is superfluous to the basic body of the poem, which is otherwise concise and vivid in its imagery, especially at the

ending, where one can feel the two sensations at once, both of the cold of winter, and of Christmas, a festival season. The contrast of the bleakness of the season and the richness of the holiday creates an interesting contrast, a certain irony to the ending, a gentle questioning about the Christmas tradition. The word "process", however, somehow does not seem to fit; it is too average, too much of a cliché, to let it detract from this piece.

if loneliness
is a virtue
then I'm DAMNED
a saint.

rfg

This poem is unusual, if only for its striking shortness. In poetry, brevity either makes or breaks the piece, but here I think is an example of the style used successfully. Tennyson had an interesting view of the short poem, when he defined it as "Every short poem should have a definite shape, like the curve, sometimes a single,

sometimes a double one, assumed by a severed tress or the rind of an apple when flung on the floor." Here the thought is expressed, indeed, it is declared strongly, and ends just as suddenly, an exclamation. If you examine it closely, it is an apt definition, I think.

"The Fretful Porpentine": Notes on a Memory

by: Maureen Mulvaney

Damnably Robert was with us that memorable evening. He had just delivered one of his readily-available vilifications, to which everyone responded with thunderous applause. Frivolity was in the air. In fact, you got wind of it the moment you walked in the door. Our choice of clubs that night was definitely a wise decision. As one may say, "Da joint was jumpin'". I sat amid Ron, Robert and Jeffrey. Several other people whom I knew sauntered to and fro. Salutations were gushed from all sides. We had been drinking earlier in the evening, so the four of us were already rather mellow. Robert was especially garrulous. He sat making critical remarks about the bourgeois surroundings. We had picked a table centered in the middle of it all. Jeffrey suggested ordering a pitcher, while Robert merely scoffed at the very idea. He fumbled with his coat, drew out his wallet, and extracted a five-dollar bill. In a deadly serious tone he announced, "Now female. You are going to take this five

which I have in my hand, and you are going up to the bar and you are going to purchase me a whiskey." He rolled his eyes at his own audacity, and smiled broadly. So overcome was I by his subtlety that I instantly performed the errand.

I returned with his drink, which I placed ceremoniously in front of him. He murmured a thank you. I asked if anyone had small change. I wanted to play a few tunes on the juke box. Immediately upon hearing my request, Robert shouted, "Trash! What are you wasting your money for, girl?" "Well, I thought there might be a slight chance of them having Dvorak in there." I flashed him an acidic smile. He broke into a loud acappella rendition of some classical piece. He accompanied himself by tapping two plastic straws in time on the wooden table. I watched him, fascinated. By way of explanation he offered, "Tchaikovsky's concerto for piano, number one, opus twenty-three, in B minor." I smiled in vacuous appreciation. "But what of Bach?" I protested. "Hun!" he

roughly replied. Leaving me with that blight on my maternal heritage, he turned to slap Jeffrey vigorously on the back. "Jeff! Hey, Jeff!" So overcome was Jeffrey by such enthusiasm that he bit his fingers and made an instant exit out the door. "Ah, poor Jeffrey...", said Robert looking after him, "Emotion always cuts into him like a broken shot glass..."

By this time, everyone was listing rather badly. "Excuse me my dear, I must urinate." Robert made a valiant attempt to stand up, but instead collapsed to the floor. I sat in a feigned stupor, not really wanting to admit recognition of the tall frame drawn out between the tables. Some people even noticed. A few said, "Oh!"

I tapped Ron on the back for five minutes before he realized he was needed. As he turned around from his conversation with the next table, I pointed to our hero on the floor. "Help me get him out to the car." The two of us stood and looked down. Minutes passed. We finally decided that we would have to scoop Robert up together. With considerable effort and a few alcoholic groans, we accomplished lifting the titian-topped torso to a standing position. We headed for the door. A few people hollered their adieus above the din. Ron took hold of Robert's dangling hand and forced it to move rapidly up and down, waving goodbye. I objected dryly. "Ron, you're a million laughs."

We managed to drag Robert's limp carcass to his waiting Chevy. We had to let it slump over the hood while I searched his coat for the keys. So engrossed had I become in the key quest that I failed to notice the Plymouth that had pulled up alongside us. Ron had his back to the street, so he couldn't see it either. He was busy trying to put Robert's arm around his shoulder. A voice from nowhere asked, "What's goin' on here?" We found ourselves illuminated by a flashlight, behind which stood an officer of the law. Ron started up so suddenly that he accidentally let Robert slip back over the car. "Oh, oh, nothing officer...he's with us..." He smiled feebly. He tried to pick Robert up again, indicating, "Just a trifle smashed..." "Yeah? Well, do something with him." I felt it necessary to

offer a token statement since I was in on the act. Half under my breath, I said, "Oh, we'd love to, but first things first..." "What chew say?" Ron shot me a wondering glance as I explained, "Oh, uh...I'm sure we can handle this...we'll get him home..." I smiled, surprised at my dazed ingenuity. Finally convinced of sincere fraternity on our part, the inquisitive gendarme slowly cruised away. We collapsed quickly on the car. I pulled the keys out of the coat, and held them up triumphantly. "Come on, let's move him." Ron eventually mastered settling our friend onto the back seat, but before he had a chance to slam the door, Robert fell out. He was saved from the concrete by seconds. I had intervened, hysterical with laughter.

Ron, with his customary verbosity, inquired, "Now which of us is best suited to perform this miraculous feat?" I suggested that Ron drive since he was the least drunk of us all. We had already started to leave when I remembered Jeffrey. I startled Ron, who wasn't prepared for me to jump out of the car yelling, "Wait, I'll be back in a minute!" I went back into the club and collected Jeffrey, who had comfortably settled down into celebration at a table full of young lovelies. He grumbled his goodbyes, and we were off.

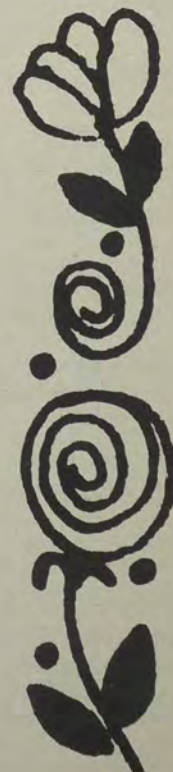
With Ron at the wheel, we started moving down the street at about five miles an hour. I quietly bitched, "Ron, can't you go any faster? Just a little?" "We rounded a corner at sixty, and Robert hit the seat in a heap. "Not that fast!" I gasped, and turned to see Jeff also nodding out. As he lay on the seat, I could easily see how Robert possessed that certain essence, that something which placed him apart. Ah yes — here was definitely one of the "other". I decided to catch a quick nap, for Ron had offered to drive us down to the beach in a moment of charitable insanity. We figured it would be a lovely place to sober up. As we sped away from the city, Ron asked, "What shall we do about them?" pointing to the back seat. "Oh, I don't know, perhaps a cool dip will do the trick." "You know, that's not bad, not bad at all..." I lay back my head, and soon all was gone save for the motion of the car and thoughts of the delicious plan to come.

A Notice to the Participants in the Magic Theatre

A Notice To The Participants In The Magic Theatre:

Occasionally the Magic Theatre likes to do a page of critique of poems and stories from up-and-coming writers. If, for any reason, you have a piece which you would particularly like to see discussed, (or a piece you would particularly not like to be discussed), please indicate it somewhere on the person of your work, and we will be glad to oblige.

This piece is amusing and rather cleverly written, although, as is a danger with most humorous pieces, it tends occasionally to overstep the situation a little at times. This is often a problem when the field of humor or satire is concerned. Some of the lines are rather abrupt; there is not enough development of the situation before the extremely characterized dialogue is introduced and it takes us just a little by surprise, and there are a few lines which, grammatically, at least, could have been a little better, or perhaps omitted altogether — they do not seem particularly relevant to the development of the piece. Otherwise, the tone throughout is consistent. It is notable to add also that the writer did not feel tempted, as many do, at the end of the humorous piece to put a punch line. This is a device which is used (or should I say, abused?) far too frequently by novices in the field, and often as not, is really only a forced effort. In this case, however, the anticlimatic effect works to keep the piece under control and makes a fitting conclusion as well.





Around the Town

by James W. Dawson

FILMS

BROWN

FRI. MAY 11

Mickey One - Carmichael - 7:00 p.m.

The Conformist - Carmichael - 9:30 p.m.

Wait Until Dark - Carmichael - Midnight.

SATURDAY, MAY 12

The Miracle Worker - Carmichael - 7:00 p.m.

The Conformist - Carmichael - 9:30 p.m.

Monkey Business - Carmichael - Midnight.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE

FRI. and SAT. May 11-12

Johnny Got His Gun - Albertus Magnus Aud. - 7:30 and 9:30 p.m.

PRODUCTIONS

ROGER WILLIAMS COLLEGE

THURS. THRU SAT. MAY 10-12

Our Town - Roger Williams Theatre - 8:30 p.m.

UNIVERSITY OF RHODE ISLAND

THURS. MAY 10

University Symphonic Wind Ensemble (Leonard Geissel, Conductor) - Recital Hall - 8:00 p.m.

FRI. MAY 11

Bach Festival, Instrumental - Alumnae Hall - 8:30 p.m.

Bach Festival, Passion Of St. John-Alumnae Hall-8:00 p.m.

CONCERTS

CIVIC CENTER

TUES. MAY 15

Guess Who and Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show - 8:00 p.m.

On Campus

by James W. Dawson

THURSDAY, MAY 10

A Bao A Qu Coffeehouse - Tom Rapp in Concert - 7:00 and 10:30 p.m.

Lotte Gossler - Dance Company - Roberts Theatre - 8:15 p.m.

FRIDAY, MAY 11

A Bao A Qu Coffeehouse - Bill Hutchinson, N. Ramone and Collette - 7:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m.

Lotte Gossler - Dance Company - Roberts Theatre - 8:15 p.m.

SATURDAY, MAY 12

A Bao A Qu Coffeehouse - Star Street - 7:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m.

Lotte Gossler - Dance Company - Roberts Theatre - 8:15 p.m.

SUNDAY, MAY 13

Distinguished Film Series - Shame - Gaige Aud. - 8:00 p.m.

MONDAY, MAY 14

Salstone House - Drinks and Drama - 7:00 p.m. to midnight.

TUESDAY, MAY 15

Chamber Music Series - Roberts 137 - 1:00 p.m.

Salstone House - Ale and Angst - 7:00 p.m. to midnight.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 16

Salstone House - Beer and B.S. - 2:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m.

Cinema U (BOG Films) - All About Eve - Gaige Aud. - 7:00 p.m.

RIC Community Orchestra - Roberts Theatre - 8:15 p.m.

THURSDAY, MAY 17

A Bao A Qu Coffeehouse - What's Up Tiger Lily? - 7:00 p.m.

Photography Workshop

This summer a Black and White photography workshop is being offered on the RIC campus. The course will extend over a period of 6 weeks and will entail all aspects of photography. Also, development and enlarging in 35 m.m. and 2 1/4, exploration with models and still life, and field trips will be included. Film and darkrooms will be provided.

The course will meet two times a week for 2 hour sessions. For further information call Bob Crane at 751-3578 or Michael Henry at 272-4594.

Plagiarism: A Comment

Con't. from Pg. 1

The incidental function of becoming educated (if, indeed, this occurs) is often seen as an obstacle in the path of that end.

Thus, when the situation arises that a student is faced with tasks the student views as burdens, the student is sorely tempted to engage in unscrupulous acts in violation of college rules.

To be more specific, a student with outside interests, such as a job or a family, or any number of other commitments, faced with the requirement of several major papers is sometimes likely to take short cuts, such as buying a prefabricated term paper. The unanswered question is "Who is at fault?"

During the spring semester of last year, the Student Senate conducted a Poll on the issue of term papers and whether the student population wished the number of such papers to be limited. The response to this poll was small, but of the respondents, an overwhelming number expressed an interest in such a limitation. However, no action has been taken to date. The implicit feeling in the poll was whether or not it is possible for a student to do three or four major papers during a semester. The issue with several faculty members is whether it is possible for a student to do three or four such papers a semester and do them well. These issues have not been addressed by the Committee action.

Student Parliament member Ken Haupt feels that it will not be possible for the Student Parliament to act on this issue, since the remainder of the current session will be devoted to budgetary matters. Dr. J. Stanley Lemons of the Disciplinary Committee feels that the faculty is not likely to act as a body on the issue, since the matter reflects on the issue of academic freedom. He noted that a policy of limiting term papers will mean that some instructors will have to be told that they cannot give a paper to certain students in their classes, thus changing that instructor's system of grading.

Yet, it is evident that some concrete action must be taken. The Disciplinary Committee states "academic dishonesty and cheating is widespread at RIC." Certainly, this is a problem for the faculty and administration. Yet, the

Student Disciplined

Con't. from Pg. 1

"official jeopardy" and any subsequent violation of the College rules could result in his suspension or expulsion. An additional infraction, which might in the case of a first offender result in a lesser sanction, might bring separation of the student from the College.

Testimony before the Board confirmed what most of the members already knew: academic dishonesty and cheating is widespread at RIC. Worse, Rhode Island College students have only a dim perception of the dishonor and immorality involved in academic dishonesty. Most have only a "high school" conception of plagiarism which regards such matters as minor or even acceptable. Few students understand that plagiarism in high education is considered to be one of the worst offenses possible. Moreover, the responses of the faculty tend to be grossly inconsistent and contribute to the "high school" academic atmosphere of the College. Some faculty members will say "Don't do it again." Others permit offending students simply to re-do the assignment, thereby giving a dishonest student more chances to complete an assignment than an honest student. In other cases, the penalties are more severe: failure for the entire course and college sanctions levied by the Board of College Discipline.

pressures that drive students to cheat is certainly a problem for these students. Admonitions and disciplinary measures will not alleviate those pressures. I do not have the answer, but certainly one is needed. I propose that the campus community conduct an in-depth study of the problem and that concrete action be taken as soon as possible.

This particular case revealed that the College standards in these matters were rarely or barely communicated. The student did not know that the penalties for academic dishonesty could include suspension or expulsion from the College. The Board pointed out that the Student Handbook included a statement of College policy on academic dishonesty, its definition and the penalties for breaking it. Because the term paper and final exam season is upon us, it was felt that both students and faculty should be reminded of their responsibility in matters of academic honesty.

Parking Fee

Con't. from Pg. 1

6. Offer maximum security to persons and vehicles using this area.

7. Encourage use of other existing lots.

8. Self-sustaining.

9. Would relieve post patrolman presently covering this area to concentrate on other areas.

10. May result in elimination of some reserved parking.

CONS:

1. Reduce the number of parking spaces available to faculty and staff.

2. Produce only a marginal profit if 25¢ is the established fee.

3. Require an initial expenditure of about \$5000. to prepare area.

(CPS) — An Auckland, New Zealand truck driver was rejected from the police force because he was too short. He didn't abandon his aspirations, however, and became subsequently known as the "Phantom Spotter." In this role he voluntarily tracked down 88 stolen vehicles in 1971, and 100 in 1972.

MED SCHOOL ADMISSION PROBLEMS?

Euromed may offer RX via overseas training.

For the session starting Fall, 1973, the European Medical Students Placement Service, Inc. will assist qualified American students in gaining admission to recognized overseas medical schools.

And that's just the beginning.

Since the language barrier constitutes the preponderate difficulty in succeeding at a foreign school, the Euromed program also includes an intensive 8-12 week medical and conversational language course, mandatory for all students. Five hours daily, the course is given in the country where the student will attend medical school.

In addition, the European Medical Students Placement Service provides students with an 8-12 week intensive cultural orientation course, with American students now studying medicine in that particular country serving as counselors.

Senior or graduate students currently en-

rolled in an American university are eligible to participate in the Euromed program.

Perhaps most important, the Euromed Program helps the student attain his career goal in the medical profession.

"I would like to thank you for providing me with the opportunity to fulfill my goal of becoming a doctor... I believe that your program holds a great deal of hope for the future... in opening doors for many young Americans... and in aiding the U.S. in its critical shortage of doctors."*

*from a letter from a Euromed participant
We have helped place a number of qualified students from the United States in recognized medical schools overseas.

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GRADUATION DATE _____

*In an effort to acquaint the public with the continuing struggle for freedom by the
oppressed peoples of the world*

HARAMBEE ANNOUNCES

LIBERATION DAY

May 17, 1973

Time 9:30 a.m. - till 5:30 p.m.

Student Union Ballroom Rhode Island College

SPEAKERS

Mr. Pearce Gqobose, Treasurer of Pan African Congress

Mr. Salahudine Matleos, Representative PAIGC

Mr. Anderson Kurtz, Asst. Dean Brown University

A representative of the Boston African Liberation Day Steering Committee

FILMS

Tribute to Malcolm X - Betty Shabazz

Black Unity

Messenger from Violet Drive

Roots

Blues like Showers of Rain

Mingus

Nothing but a Man

ADMISSION — FREE

THE PUBLIC IS INVITED TO ATTEND

The Co-op Play Group

Kid power is alive and well at Rhode Island College. After a full academic year of striving for space, the R.I.C. Cooperative Playgroup is officially recognized as an active running organization approved by the Student Government. For those who used to visit us, we have been moved from the upper lounge of Browne Dormitory to Room 308 of the Student Union. The need to move arose when we found we could not obtain nor does the institution provide the kind of liability coverage needed in case of accident. The only two buildings on campus



that have this type of liability coverage are the Student Union and Henry Barnard School, which has children attending school everyday. Because of lack of space in Henry Barnard, and with the aid and approval of Mr. Donald Hardy, Vice President for Student Affairs and Dick Thomas Associate Dean for the Student Union and Student Activities, we acquired the room we are presently occupying. This will be our temporary home until the end of the Spring Semester. We hope to achieve a permanent and adequate space for next year by working through the Student Activities Office to formulate a satisfactory agreement between Administration and one that meets the Cooperative needs of children and parents.

The difficult aspect of the situation is not only finding a space but meeting the requirements and approval of the State Licensing laws for Day Care. The law reads that any time more than seven children are taken care of for

any time more than three continuous hours, not in a private home, it comes under the heading of Day Care and must be licensed by the State of Rhode Island. This is to protect the children as well as insure the safety and adequacy of the building and the people in charge.

This past semester the Cooperative Playgroup services nine children who have at least one student parent attending Rhode Island College. Three of the members also have husbands who are full time students. We operate on an entirely volunteer basis right now but in order to continue to meet state requirements a slight charge will have to be levied in order to generate enough money to hire a full time Director and Coordinator. We hope to acquire scholarships for parents needing the service but not having the money to pay even a modest fee. These scholarships can be donated by any person, group, or organization that wishes to help someone continue their



education by providing the needed funds for child care.

With the minimum of money and the maximum of planning and work we feel we have successfully coordinated and operated as a profitable organization benefiting the R.I.C. community and the children who attend the Cooperative. Our profits are not the usual monetary kind but the more permanent feelings of brotherhood, self-help and mutual cooperation.

We wish to take the time to thank all those who have

contributed to our efforts through word, deed, or active participation. They are many

— Anastasia Hossman who by being a beautiful person, concerned and willing to help by action has helped us to buy some basic equipment for the children by collecting contributions from concerned members of the faculty and staff of R.I.C. Volunteers who give their free time to care for our children have been responsive and helpful to our needs many more times than

(Con't. on Pg. 10)

Surviving in Anti-American Territory

he has little or no participation in the economic fortunes of INCO. Decisions about the company are made at the head office, and the head office is in New York City.

I made the mistake of arriving in Sudbury just a few months after a substantial layoff of INCO workers, and I spent many long conversations finding out what an impersonal economic giant I represented by being an American citizen.

I had honestly never heard about INCO before coming to Sudbury, and I had had absolutely no opinions whatever about this giant of the mining industry. But after seven months at Sudbury, under the belching INCO smokestack, I began to develop as profound a sense of hatred toward INCO as my Canadian friends had displayed.

During my first month at Sudbury I also learned a few essential techniques for making myself seem less American than I was, to make those long conversations a little easier. At first, when someone would ask me where I hailed from, I answered "the States" or some variation thereof. I learned, very soon, that this was a mistake.

So I took up the habit of answering "Rhode Island" when the question came up, and the results were interesting indeed. Some people would ask "Where's that?", probably thinking of some obscure spot in the Maritime Provinces. Some would beam, with a political glint in their eyes, saying "Aha! An American!" and I was in for a session of verbal jousting. One asked me, "Is Rhode Island north or south of Massachusetts?"; another, "Is that anywhere near Boston?". One, a Scottish woman who had lived in Canada for a while, went to do some research. She said to me, about a week after our first talk, "Hey, I checked on a map and I found that

Rhode Island isn't even an island!" I tried to explain that part of it was, but I think that the distinction between Newport-Portsmouth-Tiverton and the rest of the state went over her head.

Reactions to my identity as a Rhode Islander were usually pleasant, because I was being seen as one person out of a whole nation. Saying that I was from the United States, on the other hand, made me sort of an American ambassador to Sudbury, a thankless job if there ever was one.

Of course, I could not completely avoid politics, and I even managed to acquit myself fairly well in political discussions, when I felt up to it. What came out during such discussions was that big American corporations are a burden to Americans as well as to Canadians, because of their non-competitive prices and their cozy relationships with the government. I'm not sure that those who heard this argument were completely convinced by it, but, for that matter, neither was I convinced by their complaints of foreign ownership of the Canadian economy.

Although we have taken advantage of an economic system so receptive to foreign investment that it can't be directed toward Canadian ends, they have set up their development schemes on a large scale, demanding huge amounts of capital. And what's the friendliest, most willing source of capital around? Why, your cheerful American creditor. When all that cheerful borrowing led to the less cheerful prospect of repayment, the good neighbor to the North became just a little menacing.

Canadians don't rely upon American economic intervention as a source for all their political indignation, but it's surprising how much mileage they get out of the

issue. One non-Canadian suggested to me that there is an anti-American issue because there are few Canadian issues; or, less charitably, because Canadians are too bland and unremarkable to generate much excitement, even among themselves. Ask a Canadian what Canadian is, and you'll get puzzled looks. Ask what constitutes Canadian culture, and you'll get (if you're talking to a well-informed person) a skimpy recitation of accomplishments: the Group of Seven in art; the Stratford, Ontario theatre, which offers excellent Shakespeare as standard fare; the Toronto Symphony Orchestra (which became famous under a foreign conductor). Clearly, Canadian culture is somewhat short on accomplishments.

But, having said this, I must make one huge qualification. Canadian culture is bland and unexciting — unless you happen to be French Canadian. I have it on good authority (from a militant French roommate) and through personal experience that the arts of French Canada — theatre, music, poetry — are alive and well in Quebec. While English-speaking Canadians are so numerous and diverse that few if any bonds of alliance can be found or forged among them, French Canadians will proudly identify Quebec as the source of their social identity, even going to the point of ignoring their Canadian citizenship.

Although the politics of Canada is as nondescript as the people themselves, that doesn't mean that the Canadians are inept at governing themselves. In fact, government Canadian style is probably more effective than government American style, precisely because it is less exciting. While we get many evenings of diversion from watching the Watergate

scandal unfold on the evening news, Canadians witness the mundane but fairly effective workings of their government.

While we wait with bated breath for health insurance legislation, Canadians have regarded it as a normal part of their lives for some time. While our cities are still decaying and full of danger, Toronto and Vancouver have been planned to accommodate both hugeness and human values. Oh, they plod along, these city councils and M.P.'s in Ottawa, but they get some things done.

Perhaps some of the effectiveness comes from the parliamentary system that Canada uses. When an election is held, the seats of all members of Parliament are up for grabs, and the party that has the majority forms the government.

That's easy if there are only two parties, but Canada has three at present (four if you count Social Credit). In such a case it's possible to have a minority government, as the country does now. The Liberals and the Conservatives just about balance each other (108 seats each, I believe), but the NDP (New

Democratic Party, a Socialist-oriented party) has enough seats in the Parliament to make its support necessary on every major vote. Since the two major parties routinely manage to keep their members in line (there aren't too many mavericks in Ottawa), it is the small group of NDP delegates that often controls the fortunes of government. When the Liberal Government's budget for this year was proposed, the most eagerly awaited announcement was not the Parliament's vote, but the result of the NDP's caucus. Once it was known that the NDP supported the budget of Trudeau and the Liberals, the rest was smooth sailing.

Thus, a new political principle: the way to get power is not to win, but to make sure that your opponents cancel each other out. Your opinion will be consulted at every turn. The result has not been too bad; in fact, someone has suggested that if the Canadian people knew how to vote for a minority government, they would.

NEXT WEEK: The Ins and Outs of Bilingualism

Appreciates Play Group

(Con't. from Pg. 2)

the same time my daughter is learning to get along with children her own age. In addition, since the co-op is here on campus, the mothers are able to be with their children during those times when they are not in class.

However, due to the lack of a permanent space for operating, the co-op is currently quite limited as to the number of children that can be taken. The college could be of great assistance in this respect. Unfortunately, however, the administration

does not seem to realize how widespread the need for this service is. We need for parents on the campus, whether students, staff members or faculty members, to speak up and let the college know that there is a need for child care services here at R.I.C. Please, if you share this need, come up and see us during the mornings in room 308 in the Student Union. If we all work together, we could make it a real co-op for next year.

Sincerely,
S. Parisi



"Filthy"

Grunt No. FTR-1009

The consummate master of the blues violin has released a virtuoso album. I am pleased to say that "Filthy" combined most of the great elements of old time blues and Motown soul with rhythms and music techniques of today.

Basically, Papa John alternates between cuts with either down home blues tones or the elemental Motown beat. He and his band "Zulu" handle both forms deftly. Side Two, the better of the two, displays both styles on several cuts. "Everybody Wants My Good Thing" lets Papa John do a B. B. King-like solo and show off some nifty violin. Guest Vocalist Big Joe Turner does "Give me an hour in your garden (and I'll show you how to plant a rose)" in the same vein. With real balls. "I gonna separate your flowers, babe? I ain't gonna hurt the stems? cuz I got the fertilizer your garden needs."

Zulu and Papa John do Motown rhythms that would make Jr. Walker (and His All-Stars) proud. In fact, the bass guitar line for Papa John's "Up in the Alley" is precisely identical to Jr. Walker's 1966 hit "Shotgun." It's all right,

though, because Papa John's violin and embellishment make it quite fine.

"No More Country Girls" is another downhome blues tune with a fine harmonica solo by none other than Harmonica Fats. The vocal is by Papa John, who laments the demands of today's fast women: "How can you have a new car, babe, when ya look at the shape the President's got us in?" Even sexists feel the pinch.

Surprises include Hot Tuna, led by Jorma Kaukonen and Jack Casady doing a poor rendition of "Walking the Tou-tou." Another was the use of gospel rhythms on "Don't Tell It to No One." The sanctified mood is shattered by a driving percussion line and Papa John's beautiful violin.

"Filthy" is another one of those back to the roots endeavors and one I am glad to see. It is a solid, well-produced album with amazingly few weak points. Papa John and his band employ a number of styles with skill and the listener is certainly going to get his money's worth.

—W.C.

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Music For a Spring Evening



A Concert Assemblage by

RIC Community Orchestra
Choir
Wind Ensemble



Music by American and Russian Composers

Music For the Royal Fireworks
Polovetsian Dances

Handel
Borodin

On the Steppes of Central Asia
(Music for Broadway musical KISMET)

Borodin

American Overture for Band

Joseph Jenkins

Three Songs for Chorus and Wind Ensemble

Charles Ives

Old Home Day
West London
Circus Band



Selections from The Tender Land
The Promise of Living
Party Scene
Stomp Your Foot

Aaron Copland



**Wednesday,
May 16th**

**8:15 p.m.
Roberts Hall**

ADMISSION FREE

D.F.S. Presents

"Shame"

SHAME, the sixth film in the Sunday schedule of the Distinguished Film Series, Semester II, will be shown on Sunday, May 13, at 8 p.m. in Gaige Auditorium. Admission is 50¢.

Directed by Ingmar Bergman and described by Pauline Kael in *The New Yorker* as a "flawless work and a masterpiece," SHAME portrays the attempt of a man (Max von Sydow) and a woman (Liv Ullmann) to survive a war.

Peace Corp

Jobs To Be

Subject of Talk

The colorful Mr. David L. Thurston, formerly of San Diego State College will address the RIC Campus on the availability of Peace Corps jobs. He will also tell of his own experiences in Malawi, Central Africa on Wed., May 16, at 2 p.m. in Mann #193. **EVERYONE IS INVITED!!**

Combined Concert

Con't. from Pg. 1

under the direction of George Mack.

The orchestra and chorus will also join forces in a performance of Aaron Copland's hoe-down square dance music from his opera, "The Tender Land," an American opera commissioned by Rodgers and Hammerstein for the 30th anniversary of the League of Composers.

Also in keeping with the American theme, the RIC Choir, which has been prepared by Richard Steen, and the RIC Wind Ensemble, under the direction of Dr. Francis Marciniak, will perform three songs of Charles Ives: "Circus Band," "West London," and "Old Home Day." The latter two were arranged for wind ensemble and choir by Dr. Marciniak. Charles Ives was an unconventional American composer who broke many of the "rules" of writing music and anticipated the new techniques and harmonies of the most advanced 20th century composers by more than 20 years.

The program will open with Handel's "Music for the Royal Fireworks" and will include the "American Overture for Band" by Joseph Jenkins. The concert is open to the public and admission is free.

Letter to Pres. Willard

(Con't. from Pg. 2)

Whipple Gymnasium may be turned over to the Department of Speech/Theatre.

I am quite concerned for I feel this would place serious restrictions upon the recreation and intramural programs currently housed in the Whipple facility.

It has been suggested that these programs could be relocated in Walsh Gymnasium. This proposal, however, is not pragmatic for it would place an increased burden on a facility that already serves as the base for both the physical education curriculum and intercollegiate athletics. Even with elaborate scheduling it would be extremely difficult to provide the equivalent space and hours that are currently available at Whipple Gymnasium.

I have watched the recreation and intramural programs grow since 1966. I therefore feel if Whipple Gymnasium were no longer available to serve the recreational and intramural needs of the college community, it would be a tremendous disservice to all those who have worked so hard in developing and expanding

activities that have come to involve a spiraling number of participants.

I do not intend this letter to be an indictment of the needs and desires of the Department of Speech/Theatre. However, I feel the interest of the college community can best be served if Whipple Gymnasium were to remain the base for recreational and intramural activities.

Sincerely,
Raymond F. Mitchell
Graduate Assistant
Office of Resident Life

Ecology Day at The Residence Halls

On Saturday, April 28th, the Resident Student Association sponsored a very successful "Ecology Day" in the residence hall area. About twenty resident students contributed their time and efforts in cleaning up the grounds, raking and planting. The Maintenance Department provided gardening tools, plants and other needed equipment. The day's ac-

tivities concluded with a cook-out behind Browne Hall.

In May the Resident Student Association is planning a Spring Weekend. Events will include a Bar-B-Que, outside movies, dances and a coffee-house. Any residents who are willing to help are encouraged to contact their RSA representative or social chairman.

Philosophy Spring Conference

On May 11th, the Department of Philosophy and Foundations of Education will hold its second annual conference. The public is invited to attend. The schedule for the event is as follows:

8:30-9:15 Coffee, Gaige Hall Foyer.

9:15, Opening General Session, Gaige Hall Auditorium. Presiding: Dr. Raymond W. Houghton, Chairman, Department of Philosophy and Foundations of Education. Greetings: Dr. Charles B. Willard, President, Rhode Island College. Address: Father Lawrence E. Lucas, author, Black Priest-Lite Church: "The Future of Education in Metropolitan Areas." General Discussion.

11:00 Workshops

1. What price money? Is there a relationship between educational quality and finance? Chairman: Dr. Donald Averill, Associate Professor of Philosophy and Foundations, Rhode Island College. Presenter: M. William Salganik, Providence Journal, Special Assignment Reporter. Gaige 168.

2. Has Rhode Island College "Cut the Mustard" in Urban Education? Chairman: Dr. Raymond W. Houghton, Chairman, Department of Philosophy and Foundations of Education. Presenter: Miss Iris Kioian, Head of English Department, Bristol High School. Gaige 207.

3. Career Education: reality base for students or administrative claptrap? Chairman: Mr. Bruce L. Berkholtz, Assistant Professor of Philosophy and Foundations, Rhode Island College. Presenter: Dr. Ronald Esposito, Coordinator of Career Education, Bureau of Social and Educational Services, Rhode Island College. Gaige 313.

4. Is socio-criminal rehabilitation viable? What do we do now? Chairman: Mr. Thomas Lavery, Director of Part-Time Studies, Rhode Island College. Presenter: Mr. Leo DiMaio, Chairman, Board of Directors of Challenge House; Mr. James McParlin, Cottagemaster, Rhode Island Training School for Boys. Gaige 315.

12:00 Video-Tape Recording — Panel Discussion: Can Private Education Promote harmony in our Multi-Ethnic Society? Participants: Father Lawrence Lucas; Dr. Peter

Gielisse, Chairman of Diocesan Board of Education of Rhode Island; Mr. Peter R. Mott, Headmaster, Moses Brown School; Mr. Roland Van Hooland, Chairman of Pawtucket Catholic Regional Board; Mrs. Judith Wegner, parent, Providence Hebrew Day School. Moderator: Dr. William B. Hill.

1:00 Luncheon
2:00 Workshops

5. Change-agentry in education: how do we break the cycle? Chairman: Mr. Walter J. Blanchard, Assistant Professor of Philosophy and Foundations, Rhode Island College. Presenters: Miss Shirley Hamburg, Alternate Learning Program, Providence; Mr. Tony Milano, Alternate High School Program at Rhode Island College. Gaige 168.

6. Why can't educational innovation be implemented? Chairman and Presenter: Dr. Frank S. Williston, Associate Professor of Philosophy and Foundations, Rhode Island College. Gaige 207.

7. Urban Life Studies as General Education Chairman: Dr. Thomas J. Howell, Professor of Philosophy and Foundations, Rhode Island College. Presenter: Mr. Kenneth Walker, Assistant Professor in Secondary Education, Rhode Island College.

8. Can Math and Science be Humane? Chairman: Dr. Dorothy R. Piendiaz, Professor of Philosophy and Foundations of Education, Rhode Island College. Presenter: Mr. Alexander MacDonald, Science Department, East Providence High School. Gaige 315.

3:30 Summary Session — Gaige Hall Auditorium. Video-Tape Panel Presentation — Can Private Education Promote Harmony in Our Multi-Ethnic Society? Questions and discussion by Conference Participants. Moderator: Dr. William B. Hill.

4:30-6:00 p.m. Reception for Father Lucas, sponsored by Black Faculty and Staff Association of Rhode Island College — Faculty Center. All attending Conference are invited.

ALSO: Between 2:30 - 3:30 p.m., Father Lucas shall be available to meet informally with students and faculty in the Alumni Lounge.

Play Group

(Con't. from Pg. 9)

we can ever repay them. The Student Activities Office has helped guide us through mountains of paperwork and has never hesitated to give us large doses of advice and encouragement. Anyone who has taken the time or made the effort to listen to us when we spoke of our needs and wants concerning our children's welfare and our own education is given a hearty thank you from the Student-Parents of the R.I.C. Cooperative Playgroup. Without your continued help, encouragement and financial aid, we would not be in existence today or tomorrow, as a

glowing example of how cooperation, determination and hard work can make Cooperative Daycare for Parents attending Rhode Island College a reality.

In the future we will need more space that is compatible to the needs of our children. We will need more volunteers, especially if they have had experience with Day Care Centers. We will also need financial help to hire supportive staff. If you have any ideas, extra money, or a willingness to assist, please come to room 308, Student Union. We would appreciate your help.

Spotty Shorts

by Jim Dawson

If you didn't catch the fifth game in the Russian — U. S. basketball series, I feel bad for you. It was fantastic. Ernie D. and Marvin Barnes teamed up in an overtime victory to shatter the Russian hopes of an eventual split in the series. There was a sense of satisfaction seeing the two work together for the last time (the series will be). Visions of the basketball game of the decade arose from the ashes once again. For I'm sure that such would have been the hope if Barnes had not been injured and PC had faced UCLA. Seeing Marvin and Ernie do so well together again eased some of the pain.

It's hard to imagine the White Sox's Allen as a Dick rather than a Richie. Despite the powerful emanations of phallicism, Dick has a sterile quality about it. Richie captures all the vibrance and spirit of the youthful, carefree Allen — the bad boy whose energy and ability have finally been tapped. Richie has found a home.

Once again the American League East has gotten off to a rocky start. As of this writing the leaders are Baltimore and Detroit who are both one game below five hundred. If you watch the daily scores, you'll find that the American League West is making mince meat out of the Eastern entries. If this continues, not only will the East pennant be won by deficit, but the chances of a Western team beating the Eastern victor in three straight for the American League pennant will be quite good.

I have it on good authority that Ken Michael Forestal will be leaving the sports editorship job here at RIC for a similar position with Women's Wear Daily. It was reported that Mr. Forestal will receive a salary in the two digit figures. The motivating factor however

seems to have been other tringe benefits.

As for certain recent inuendos made by the noted

Con't. on Pg. 11

Portraits

(Con't. from Pg. 3)

I must confess that I beat him rather badly the first few games, however that was primarily due to the adverse effects of a day's drinking rather than any creditable skill on my part. While we played, Kit entertained the both of us with several recollections from his eventful past. While he was in his teens, he had been thrown out of three private schools in New England before finally graduating from one in upstate New Hampshire. He explained to me that he preferred the incredibly relaxing setting that the particular school had to offer as opposed to the confines of the previous three (also, the rules that he had to be particularly aware of were fewer). And except for a typical youthful interest in sports, in which he did quite well to maintain, the school's curriculum cultivated in him a noticeable apathy for every standard subject, with holding an exceptional fanaticism for Greek mythology, and an occasional fling at writing, perhaps directly traceable to his father's occupation, which materially-speaking had supplied him with everything he had ever wanted. And with his father's connections at the publishing houses, he had been promised steady work if he wanted it, however as with much of what he undertook, the few projects that he actually began went unfinished. Most of his affairs had also gone that same way — an inexplicable habit of breaking off relationships for no other apparent reason except to remain in motion, no matter how well things had been going for him.

Supports Whipple

(Con't. from Pg. 2)

middle of the auditorium. In one show I sat in the wings with the prompter's book for three nights with a coat pulled over my head because the pipes above me were leaking. There is no question that theater deserves a lot better than its got.

But this is also the first semester in which I have not been a dorm student. As such, I know of the importance of Whipple Gym has to the inmates here. Without it, we would be severely limited in our opportunities for exercise and recreation — and if you live here all week without wheels, you know what I mean. It doesn't seem likely to us that we'll get much use out of Walsh, at least during basketball season. Yet the development of our bodies is as important a function of the college as the development of minds and culture — and for us, Whipple is the only place available.

I wish we could have Whipple for a theater. It would open a lot of opportunities which the theater does not have. But we dormies need it even more.

Kirk House - 74

But he did confess to me that he had enjoyed the meagre adventure to the beach. And he did laugh when I revealed my superficial surprise at his actually sticking around for the finish (in spite of the fact that I knew why when I discovered the identity of the winner). Perhaps that was why our friendship cooled after that particular day. *Although* we harbored no ill feelings toward one another, I did sense that the reason that I heard no more from him was that I had perhaps caught a glimpse of something that he was overly sensitive about, that feeling of incompleteness, something deep inside him that might possibly never be fulfilled. I accepted the fact that he never returned as an indication of this.

Please join us at our

Autograph Party

honoring

Prof. Martha B. Ballinger

on the release of her New Book: "IN THE COMPANY OF CLOWNS"

and

Dr. Stanley J. Lemon's, new book, "THE WOMEN CITIZEN"

Time: 2 p.m. Monday, May 14th.

**Place: At the Bookstore,
in the Student Union Building.**

Light Refreshments will be served.

Come one, Come all, and make this a Happy Occasion.

RECREATION



Hikers: (left to right) Jim Schaefer, Pete Harman, Dick Lamoureux, resting during the recent hike in western Connecticut. Hopefully, this weekend they will be traveling to western Connecticut or Massachusetts for another trip on the Appalachian Trail.

UAGA Bonds - Canada Beckons

by Tom Grimm

If Europe is too far away, and our own country is too close, try Canada this summer.

Go north and you'll find a vast and varied land. Only the Soviet Union surpasses it in geographical size. And few nations can compete with the diversity Canada offers its visitors.

The Calgary Stampede in July, billed as the world's largest rodeo, is unique. There's still gold in the Yukon and you can pan some during the summer months. Like England, there's a colorful changing-of-the-guard ceremony. It happens every morning at 10 o'clock until September by the Parliament Buildings in Canada's capital, Ottawa. You'll also find the best views of Niagara Falls from the Canadian side.

The best way to see our northern neighbor is to take the Trans-Canada Highway that runs nearly 5,000 miles from Victoria, British Columbia, to St. John's, Newfoundland, on the east coast.

Hitchhiking is legal, popular and not expensive. Thum from the road shoulder or street curb and the mounties won't bother you. You'll find many thumbers on the Trans-Can and boys outnumber girls four to one.

Carry water on the hot prairie section through Saskatchewan. Don't get stranded in Wawa along Lake Superior; try to get a lift all the way from Thunder Bay to Sault Ste. Marie. For breath-taking beauty, be sure to visit the Canadian Rockies, especially the Banff and Lake Louise areas.

Believe it or not, the Canadian government has helped set up special hostels for vagabonds during the summer months. Charges are 25 cents to \$1 a night if you can pay. Otherwise, accommodation is free. These hostels are spotted across the country; fellow thumbers will tell you where.

Forty other hostels are run by the Canadian Youth Hostel Association. Nightly charges are \$2 to \$3. Get details from the CYHA national office, 1406 West Broadway, Vancouver, B. C.

Also get hold of **Handbook Canada** (Saannes Publications, Toronto, \$1.95), the friendly guide for young vagabonds.

U.S. citizens require no passport, visa or health certificate to enter Canada. Anyone under 18 years old, unaccompanied by an adult, should have a letter from parents or guardian giving permission to travel to Canada.

Border officials want to know your purpose for visiting, your destination, and whether you have enough funds to live and to leave. Don't say you're going to work because that requires permission from the Department of Manpower and Immigration. To avoid expensive questioning, never mention you are hitchhiking.

If you dislike thumbing and your wallet permits other modes of transportation, you have a choice. Greyhound buses span the country. If you decide to leave the driving to yourself, your own state license is valid in Canada.

The Canadian National Railway has excellent transcontinental service. They offer reduced fares for U. S. visitors only in winter. Also check into youth fares on planes.

Editor's Note: **Handbook Canada** (Saannes Publications, Toronto, \$1.95) is available from INFORMATION EXCHANGE, Dept. TT, 22 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois 60603. Include price of book, 25¢ for postage and handling and (if you are an Illinois resident) 5% sales tax.

Spotty Shorts

Con't. from Pg. 10

sports chef (his offerings are as bad as his cooking), I can but note that we all make errors sometimes in our overzealousness. More to the point, Mr. Forestal is still down

by a fever to me in head to head confrontation. His understanding wife Joan has threatened that should he lose one more decision, he will have to get a job.

Russia: Like It Is

Even if you've majored in Russian history or have seen "Nicholas and Alexandra" five times, a trip into the murky gray depths of the Soviet Union will be nothing like you ever imagined.

Though your official guides will do their best to keep you on the museum-monument track, it's up to you to get derailed now and then. You have as much freedom to roam around Moscow and Leningrad as you do in Paris or London.

Student tours to Russia are more down-to-earth than the deluxe ones. And since you stay in cheaper hotels, the low cost of a student tour dictates this advice: Go now!

Both Russias — official and everyday — will fascinate you and invite comparisons. In Moscow, file into the cold marble-slab mausoleum on Red Square housing Lenin's Tomb. Tread down the chilly stairway to see a mummified Lenin in a black suit, his brown goatee and hair neatly in place.

Go back to the reality of Lenin's Russia and try to get a drink of water. First of all, you'll have to plunge into a mob scene before a bank of water machines. Each machine has a glass or two, which you must wash out after the other person uses it. The water, actually mineral water, is warm and bitter, sometimes weakly fruit-flavored.

Once, while waiting in line for ice cream sundaes (long queues are typical in this society), we noticed the soda jerk weighing each sundae, actually scraping off bitefuls of ice cream and even individual flakes of nuts to make sure no one g " more than his share.

Just as revealing about Communist life were some of the organized field trips on our student tour. One day we went to a daycare center for the children of working mothers. Hanging on a wall above blocks and dolls was a round painting of Lenin. On another wall, Little Red Riding Hood.

In a Russian Orthodox Church, we observed another generation — bent-over peasant women in scarves, sweaters and boots kneeling down to kiss religious paintings.

Young people seem to be the same the world over, as we witnessed at a dance hall in Smolensk. The place, which was packed the summer night we were there, featured a rock band, minus long hair, that sent the young Ivans and Natashas into a frenzy. The chats we had with the locals after 10:30 closing time were far more memorable than the day's organized touring.

Hero on the Road: American Motorcyclist

by Ed Buryn

A motorcycle is the perfect vehicle for mythic experience, particularly in America. We have a tradition of open-air heroes with wind-rush in their faces.

Touring by bike means choosing the right one. For long-distance touring, big and powerful machines are obligatory. Big means heavy, because weight keeps you close to the ground despite speed and bumps, keeps you tracking in a straight line despite wind and passing trucks, keeps you stable, even loaded with dunnage and partner. Powerful means high speed to get there quickly to reduce fatigue, ability to pass and to pull on hills, efficiency that saves your engine, less vibration to keep your brains from scrambling.

Beyond those factors, your machine should be well-designed so that it's safe (brakes, suspension), reliable (reputation, availability of dealers and parts), and equipped for touring (windshield, good seats, saddlebags, etc.). It would be a blessing all around if it were also quiet in operation. This keeps you happy because you get to hear some of the rest of the world, and keeps others happy because they get to hear some of the rest of the world, too. All this points to a new or late-model road bike of around 500 cc or more, something like a big Harley, Honda, BMW, etc. The bike should be put in top shape before you start out (tires, brakes, chain, mufflers, tuneup, lights, horn). Besides that, periodically tighten down whatever is loose: Once on tour, regularly make close visual inspections and tightening sessions. It can literally be a drag if something falls off.

Riding clothes and accessories make a big difference in comfort and safety. Boots are essential for cranking, to prevent frostbite (really), for protection, for vibration damping. A helmet is essential and in some states legally necessary. It also cuts noise appreciably. Leather is the only clothing material that can resist wearing-tearing-puncturing under shock and stress; seal out wind and cold; remain pliable and comfortable. Get a jacket with zippers and mandarin collar. Gloves should be gauntleted. Goggles or face mask. Rainwear.

Tools should include a tire repair kit (with tire irons), air source, and owner's manual; spare parts should include bulbs, cables, points and plus.

Camping equipment makes it all possible at low cost. Bring a small tent, even if it's only a plastic \$2 tube tent. A down sleeping bag is ultimately a bargain because it packs smaller and keeps you warmer than any other fill material. A small cooking outfit like a Svea 123 stove with a Sigg pot set makes you able to rustle up hot meals anywhere. Campgrounds are everywhere.

In packing the stuff, balance it as best as possible, both left and right, and fore and aft. Keep everything as low as possible. There are tank bags available as well as saddle bags.

When riding, remember that bikes are not cars. They call for greater skill, more knowledge, much more awareness. These are not liabilities of the motorcycle; they are in large part what makes motorcycling rewarding. Unlike a car, a motorcycle is not simply a way of getting somewhere — it is a way of getting somewhere with style and complete consciousness. Concentration on riding makes it both fun and safe.

Boredom and fatigue can be deadly. Motorcycle tourers should travel fewer miles and fewer hours per day than motorists. Plan to stop often — to relax, hike, sightsee, loaf. You'll get adventure aplenty.

Editor's Note: For more information, read **Motorcycle Camping and Touring**, (The Tobey Publishing Co., \$3.00) or **Vagabonding in America** by Ed Buryn (Random House/Bookworks, \$4.95). Bicyclists should try **Bike Trippin** by Tom Cuthbertson (Ten Speed Press, \$3.00). All are available from INFORMATION EXCHANGE, Dept. TT, 22 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois 60603. Include full price of books, 25¢ postage and handling charge for each book and (if you are an Illinois resident) 5% sales tax.

Another night our group saw a second-rate American movie in Russian. The theater's adjoining wooden seats were so rickety that a lean backward could have toppled the whole row.

You can't help being impressed, on the other hand, with Moscow's subway system. Not only is it clean, cheap and efficient; the stations are lavishly decorated with

mosaics, frescoes and stained glass.

Anyone who visits Russia will come home with his own impressions. And impressions are all you can get on a short trip.

For more information on one and two-week student tours to Russia, contact INFORMATION EXCHANGE, Dept. TT, 22 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois. 60603.

SPORTS

Former Football

Players Busted

For Drug

Trafficking

(CPS) — A six-count federal grand jury indictment unsealed in Fort Worth, Texas April 16 charged three former Texas Christian University football players and 10 others with operating a Mexican-U.S. drug trafficking ring which distributed cocaine throughout various parts of Texas and Kansas.

The ring has been charged with conspiracy to distribute and distributing approximately 66 pounds of cocaine with an illicit street value of nearly \$10 million.

The arrests ended a six-month investigation of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, state and local police and Mexican authorities.

The three former TCU football players are a three-year letterman at wide receiver, a defensive lineman who has another year of eligibility this fall, and a starting center for TCU as a sophomore two years ago.

Maximum penalty upon conviction for conspiracy is 15 years in prison and a \$25,000 fine.

Wheelchair

Basketball Game

On Friday night, May 18th, the Paraplegia Association of Rhode Island will come to Whipple Gym, for a game of wheelchair basketball, against the Zeta Chi Tigers.

PARI is an organization for the benefit of all persons who have suffered injuries or disease of the spinal cord, or are otherwise physically handicapped. Their basketball team has been together for about a year and a half.

PARI has had several games with local groups and colleges, such as RIJC and some of our own Varsity team. An all-star college game is in the planning.

The Tigers will get into wheelchairs, with the goal of beating the PARI Roadrunners, as they are called.

Donation is \$1.00, for the benefit of the North Providence Boys Club Building Fund. The money will be used for the building of a pool for the club.

Come, and bring a friend...or two. There should be a lot of fun, and many laughs, along with a good time for teammates and spectators.

FRIDAY, MAY 18, WHIPPLE GYM, 7:30 p.m.

Tickets available from Zeta Chi members, and in Whipple Gym and at the door.

Intramural News

The softball season has been underway for three weeks. The Tuesday's league is finished and the playoffs will begin on Tuesday May 8th at one o'clock. The playoffs are as follows:

Airborne Rangers
vs
Crunch Bunch
For second place in league A

Lillies
vs
ZX Tigers
For first place in league B

Faculty
vs
Tippa Elbow
For third place in league B

The following is the final results of Tuesday's league:

League A	Wins	Losses
Airborne Rangers	2	1
Six	0	3
Cubs	3	0
Crunch Bunch	2	1
League B	Wins	Losses
Lillies	2	1
ZX Tigers	2	1
Faculty	1	2
Tippa	1	2

Wednesday's league is not finished but the following are the results so far:

	Wins	Losses
Physical Science	0	3
Circus	1	2
Airborne Geeks	2	1
Bullets	0	3
La Grop	3	0
Buzzards Bay	3	0

editorial

IS WHIPPLE
MOVING?



Ken Michael

Forestal

Sports Editor

The most interesting thing happening on this campus lately has to do with Whipple Gym. There will have to be a decision made soon as to the future of the gym. Battle lines have been drawn in the past few weeks by both the Recreation Staff and followers and the theatre faculty and students. Though the battle is bloodless, it is being fought quite vigorously. The Anchor has not taken any formal stand on the issue. We have simply resigned ourselves to just printing letters by students and faculty concerning this matter.

The decision, when made, will cause quite a fuss. There will be those quite elated and those who will feel they were undersold. Yes, Charlie Willard is in for tough times.

I feel that this decision should not rest on the shoulders of one man, because that is quite unfair to our President. I also feel that he in no way should try to take it upon himself to deal with it alone.

Any situation whose outcome changes student activities on this campus should be made solely by the students. The Whipple Gym Incident has caused much discussion by the student body. There is definitely student interest in the outcome. So, Dr. Willard, why not let the students decide what the outcome should be?

Forums should be arranged in order that students get ample information concerning both positions. The Anchor is gladly offering unlimited space to the "combatants" to express their views. I feel that an election would be both fair and just.

For too long the students here have been willing to just sit around and "debate" issues. I feel that we should become more active instead of just vocal.

I know that Dr. Willard is an avid reader of my column and will therefore read these words. I hope that after reading them, he will give them some thought.

Slops 10 Environment 0

by Fernie Fabbergast

There is a new sport that is growing rapidly on the RIC campus, Wreck the environment. It is played by one or more participants and the rules are very simple. All one has to do is enter Donovan Cafeteria, buy a lunch (this is an optional rule, one may bring their own lunch, or just buy a snack) and eat it outside. A big zero — not so, the fun is yet to begin. Here is where the scoring comes in; instead of throwing away your garbage you just leave it on the grass — now isn't that a simple game to master. It sure is and it seems that all one has to do is cast a

keen eye to the front lawn of Adams to bear witness to the popularity of the sport.

Up to the time of this writing, paper cups were an overwhelming choice of most players. At last count the paper cup outnumbered other implements 3 to 1.

With the sport being so popular, it is beginning to branch out to other parts of campus due to lack of playing space in front of Adams. A favorite alternate seems to be the patio in back of the Student Union. Only yesterday I observed four players who were participating in a high scoring game.

BASEBALL:

Tim Geary



A Crowd Pleaser

The RIC baseball team lost three more games last week to drop their record to a disappointing 2-12. The latest losses came at the hands of U.M.P.G. and Boston State.

In a doubleheader against U.M.P.G., the Anchormen opened well with a three run lead after the first two innings of play and it appeared that RIC would enjoy a productive afternoon.

In the first inning Manny Correia, who is leading the club in hitting with a .395 batting average, singled home the first two RIC runs of the day. In the second Tony Rainone singled, went to second on a wild pitch, took third on a fly ball to left by tagging up and hustling to beat the throw and scored on another wild pitch.

U.M.P.G. scored one run in the third and tied the game up at three all with two in the fourth. Larry Gibson was pitching for RIC, and as seems to be the trend with RIC pitchers, two of the three runs were unearned.

In the bottom of the fourth, Greg Donahue hit a clutch two out single to send home two more RIC runs to regain the lead at 5-3. It did not last long however as U.M.P.G. scored two runs in the top of the fifth to once again knot up the contest. The visitors then went on to win the game by a score of 9-6. One of the bright spots in the game for RIC was the hitting of Mike Thomsen who was the designated pinch hitter for the Anchormen. He pounded out three hits in three appearances. It was the first time RIC has ever in-

corporated the DH into the lineup.

In the second game Jim White took it on the chin for the third time this season. His E.R.A. is 0.93 and he has only one win to show for it and he barely got that (RIC 2-Bryant 1). This time the RIC defense fell apart in the sixth inning of a scoreless tie. Five errors in that frame led to a seven run outburst and RIC was able only to avoid the shutout with a run in the bottom of the seventh on singles by Manny Correia and Tony Rainone. The final was 7-1.

Last Friday RIC played Boston State up in Boston. RIC got a great pitching performance from Mike Thomsen who hurled 4-hit ball for seven innings and went into the bottom of the eighth with a 2-1 lead; you guessed it — the one Boston tally was unearned. RIC had scored both runs in the fourth inning on a single by Foster LeBer, a double by Fran Murphy (LeBer is hitting .324 and Murphy .340) and a triple by Ron Manni.

Boston St. came up with two runs in the eighth to pin another one-run loss on RIC. It was the seventh one-run loss for the Anchormen. This is not a 2-12 club as the seven one-run losses would indicate. Another statistic which shows that the breaks have not gone RIC's way is the fact that they have outscored their opponents by a score of 69-58. When one looks at that, he is inclined to shake his head in disbelief.

RIC STAR OF THE WEEK

Coach Dave Stenhouse for not leaving the team in Boston.

With the season coming to an end, there is a fear that the game will be forgotten. But to quote one player, "We're not really worried, there is always summer session."

A Student

Vote

On Whipple?

